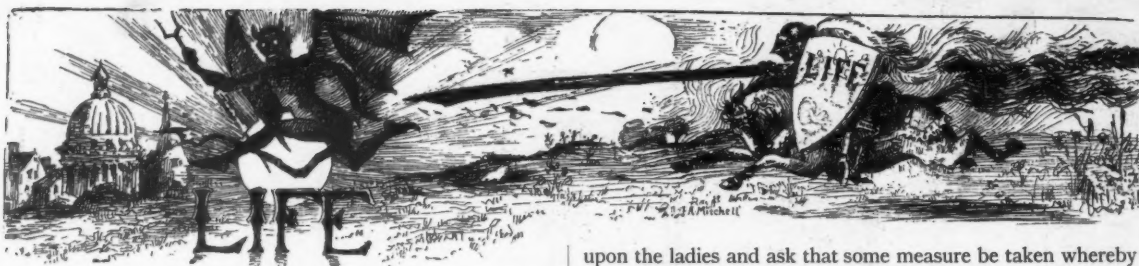




IN HONOR OF A NOBLE EFFORT.



VOL. V. FEB. 26TH, 1885. NO. 113.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

WE are glad to notice that the eminent suffragistess, Mrs. Blake, the wife of our esteemed friend, Mr. Lillie Devereux Blake, has been elected Presidentess of the Woman's Suffrage Association of New York.

The distinguished lecturess is undoubtedly better qualified for the office than any one of the numerous other candidates whose names were presented.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, who, as is well known, declined the distinguished honor of first place on the National ticket last Fall, owing to her uncompromising opposition to the United State, a principle so nobly adhered to through the many years of her Miss spent life, was chosen Vice-Presidentess.

The platform adopted for the coming year was:

*Resolved*, Man is a helpless creature who cannot feed himself.

With this principle it is certain that the suffragistesses will carry all before them, and that ere the sun of 3010 dawns upon the horizon of the future, ballots and ballotesses will be united in one grand undying universal female suffrage. And if the history of the past can be considered a criterion for the history of the future, Dr. Mary Walker, Susan B. Anthony and Anna Dickinson will be found at the polls on that date ready to cast their maiden votes.

\* \* \*

IN the meantime it will not be a bad idea for helpless man to look around to see what he can do in his own behalf.

The ladies who have adopted the resolution aforementioned have most unfortunately overlooked the necessity which compels man to eat. Many of us have in early youth contracted the pernicious habit of eating, and in our manhood find it impossible to break away from its thralldom for the happy fastnesses of starvation. Our friends, while observing that we cannot feed ourselves, make no provision for remedying this defect in our education, and we are threatened with the direst of all plagues, famine.

Now, would it not be well, in the interests of starving mankind, to appoint a committee of gentlemen who shall wait

upon the ladies and ask that some measure be taken whereby we may avert the impending disaster?

For instance, would it not be the correct thing to state to the ladies: We have the ballot, you have the ability to feed. Teach us how to feed ourselves, or feed us. In return take the ballot!

A fair exchange is no robbery, and a good, honest swap of this sort would prove of incalculable benefit to the whole world.

\* \* \*

IT seems now that General Gordon is really dead and that unlike most heroes who die in battle, he was shot, stabbed, drowned and in sundry other manners summarily deprived of life.

The moral of all this is clear. In his lifetime the Soudan hero managed to die at least once a fortnight, which showed him possessed of a most appalling number of lives, and when it became necessary for the Mahdi to make sure of his victim it is not to be doubted that he was fully prepared with every variety of death wherewith to remove the obnoxious Englishman.

From all of which it is plain that a man should make up his mind in life, that when he dies he had best stay dead and not go fooling around with more lives at his command than he knows what to do with.

If Gordon had followed this principle and stayed deceased when mortality first appeared in his system England would have been spared much expense, and many brave men would not have found their final resting place in the African desert.

\* \* \*

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY is doing the theatregoers of this city an inestimable service by his vigorous warfare upon that theatrical curse, the ticket speculator.

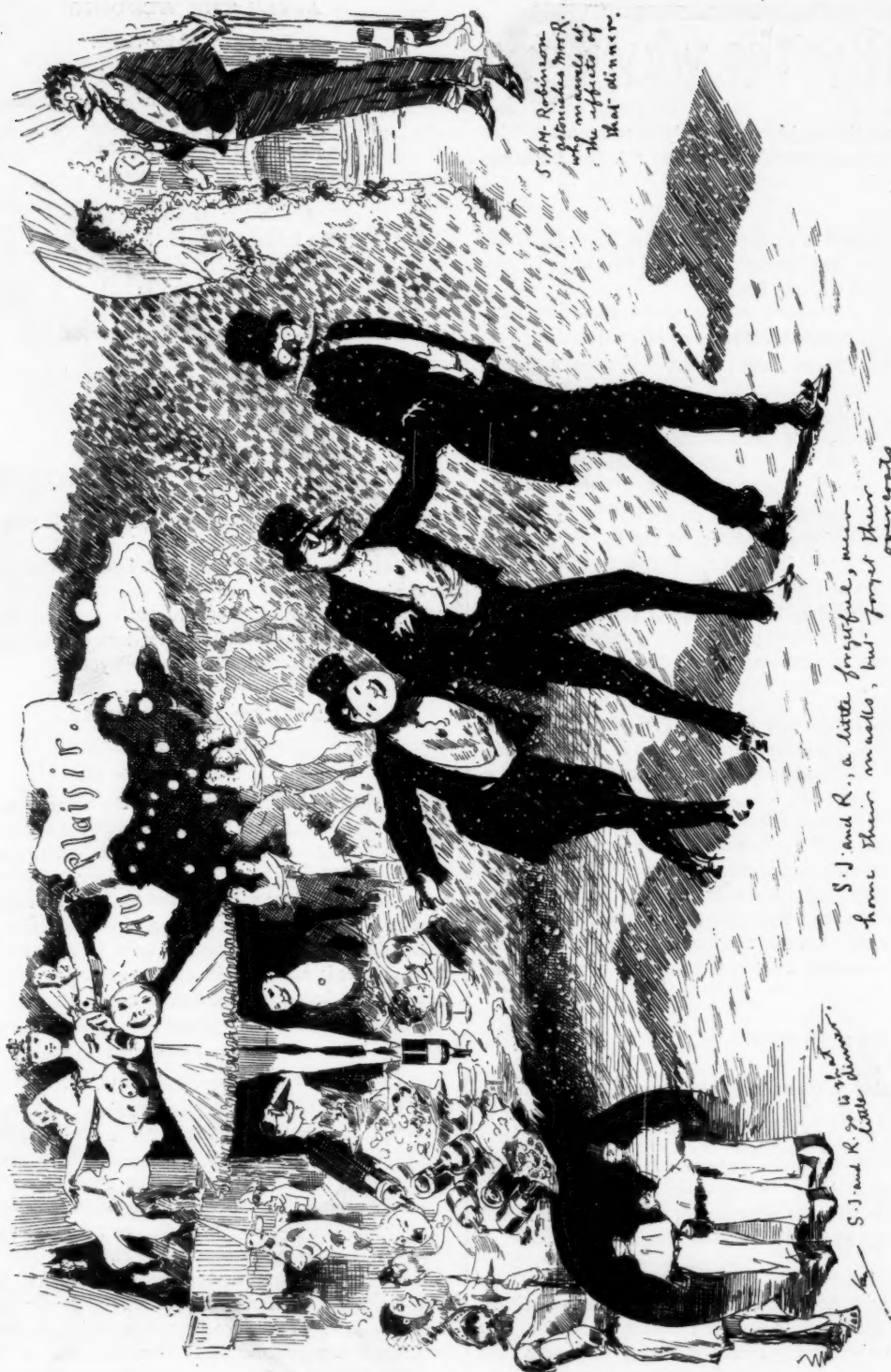
We suggest that a medal of some kind be presented to the well-known manager by an appreciative public, for his efforts in their behalf. We gladly contribute a design, which will be found upon another page.

\* \* \*

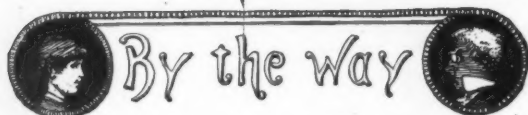
NOW that Lent has come, El Mahdi should knock off his False Profits and realize on his new ones, lately obtained from his friend, Gladstone. As for the latter gentleman, he has undoubtedly sworn so much off and on during the past month, that the season affords him no opportunity for anything further, except, perhaps, the giving up of the reins of government.

\* \* \*

THE Odontological Society's dinner last week was a grand success, and to the credit of the profession be it said that up to the time of going to press not a single tooth has been reported as having succumbed to the machinations of a Martinelli menu.



AFTER THE BALL.



IT is denied that a bill will shortly be presented in Congress to amend a certain proverb to "A Fair Exchange Is No Bribery."

\* \* \*

WE are pleased to announce that Miss Anna Dickinson will ere long produce a revised version of Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, Hamlet.

Its title is to be Hamlette, the Melancholy Dame.

The cast, we understand, is to be as follows:

The Melancholy Dame..... Miss Dickinson.  
 Ghostess ..... Sara Bernhardt.  
 Clawdius ..... Sara Bernhardt.  
 Polonaiseius, the Queen's Chambermaid..... Dr. Walker.  
 Horatianne..... Susan B. Anthony.  
 Ophelia..... Henry Irving.

An especial feature of the performance will be an allegorical representation of the "Freedom of the Ballet," prepared for this occasion by the late Suffrage Convention.

Some trouble was made in the troupe by Mr. Irving's engagement as Ophelia, as Miss Dickinson objected to being supported by a man, but the managers of the enterprise finally overcame her scruples, and Mr. Irving will appear.

\* \* \*

THE latest fashionable dress in Paris for ladies is the "Chimney Sweepers' Costume." It is made of coarse woolen goods, torn and spotted, with a large patch sewn on the front.

Americans may congratulate themselves that this is French and not English, for if it were the latter we would shortly see our dude young men clad in the "Costume du Tramp," consisting of a very tired looking hat; a coat buttonless and tattered; trousers trimmed with marks of dog-teeth, and picket-fence braid. On the feet a golosh and patent leather pump would complete a most picturesque, though painful, costume.

\* \* \*

AN exchange announces that Mr. Cleveland never learned a trade.

This probably accounts for his difficulties in Cabinet-making.

\* \* \*

GERMAN histologist states that we have a new brain every sixty days. We presume defendants in breach of promise suits will take advantage of this scientific fact, and cause a "change of mind" act to be passed.

\* \* \*

WHAT with ex-Governor St. John accused of bribery and the steamer St. John destroyed by fire, this illustrious water-following family is having extremely hard luck.

## AFTER THE WEDDING

*The Chief Usher Solus.*

THE other fellow—odder beau  
 Ne'er danced attendance here below.  
 Mine were the gleaming bolts that flew  
 From those twin firmaments of blue  
 To set a hermit's heart aglow.

*Mulieri ne credas*, and so  
 From Juvenal to Rochefoucault  
 The maxims. Her decoy, I drew  
 The other fellow.

Still shall the Fates content bestow  
 With cigarette and curacao;  
 And yet I can't regret I threw  
 That most unlucky lucky shoe  
 That hit with such a vicious blow  
 The other fellow.

CURTIS GUILD, JR.

WHAT relation is the Door Mat to the Door?—Step Father.

ENFANT TERRIBLE: "Say, Mr. Snobby, can you play cards?"

SNOBBY: "Why, no, Johnny, I can't play very well."

E. T.: "Well, then, you'd better look out, for ma says if Emma plays her cards well she'll catch you."

## POCKET BIOGRAPHIES.

JOHN LESTER WALLACK.

*Born in New York in 1819.*

MR. WALLACK is an actor and the manager of a theatre. As an actor he is no longer what he was. Once a light comedian—and the very best we had—he is now a low comedian. He still plays *YOUNG Marlowe*. As a manager he inherited traditions with his theatre from his father. He has now a new theatre, but he cannot get new traditions. It is the grief of his life that he was born in America, but he tries to forget it, and in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he remains an Englishman.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

*Born in New York in 1847.*

MR. FAWCETT is a poet and a novelist and a dramatist. As a poet he is the author of "Pant-I-see and Fashion," and of several hundred tons of sonnets. As a novelist he began with a tale called "Purple and Fine Linen," but the critics discovered that, in spite of the purple patches, it was rather dirty linen. From the title one would infer that "A Hopeless Case" is autobiographical. His plays have scarcely enough sense in them to keep them sweet, and even the author was candid enough to call one of them "Sixes and Sevens." He is so acutely sensitive that it is said he is about to conclude an engagement with a syndicate of dime museums to exhibit himself as the Man born without a Skin.

ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

*Born in England in 1841.*

MR. WALES is a Prince by trade and he has succeeded in building up a profitable business—although there are rumors that he is sometimes in arrears with his pay-roll. His services are greatly in demand at all opening dedications, fairs, etc. Mrs. Wales attends to the ladies. (So does Mr. Wales when she is not looking.) Mr. Wales has no branch establishment in the United States, and all traveling agents purporting to represent him are impostors and base imitations and should be treated as such.



ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

"WHAT are you shouting for, my son?"  
 "I am hooraying for the English. Glorious victory! Lots of Arabs killed!"  
 "My son, if a burglar were to enter this house, and I met him on the stairs and we should have a desperate struggle, would you stand on the landing and shout for joy every time he knocked me down?"  
 "Why, no! Of course I should n't!"  
 "You would feel sorry, would n't you?"  
 "Yes, and mad."  
 "Well, that's just the way the little Arabs feel."

AN Augusta, Me., man, the other day leaned off the platform of the rear car of a train to kiss his wife good-bye, but the train started so suddenly, and moved so fast that he only succeeded in kissing a tramp who had stepped aside at the switch a hundred yards further on.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, KT.

*Born in London in 1844.*

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has knocked out all the other English composers of comic opera in four rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules. He is the composer of "P—e" and "Let Me D— Again," but he is guiltless of "S— T— Among the G—" He has taken unto himself Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who writes the text of his comic operas. The conjunction is most artistic, for they have taken to heart the law which declares that the libretto and the score, the words and the music, must be two arts that beat as one.

THE Boston *Herald* speaks of a certain gentleman as displaying "a playful fancy of the best Puritan type." This is about as unkind a thing as one could say of a friend. The average Puritan had about as much fancy as a bull terrier; and whether it was a "playful" fancy or not depends wholly upon the latitude one gives the word. Unless history misleads us utterly, the only outward manifestations of this fancy were the continual bullying of his own family, the relentless persecution of all who differed from him in opinion, and the occasional toasting of a few old women as witches.

ASCIENTIFIC journal declares that sheep and goats are both butters. Any one who has had experience with either of these will understand the derivation of a "pat of butter."

VALENCIENNES lace is not much used this winter for skating shoes. Frieze velvet is still *de rigueur* in the winter season and slippers have by no means become *passé*.

#### HOW?

HOW can a novice on two roller skates  
 Look happy and pleased as he madly gyrates,  
 When deep in his heart those same rollers he hates?  
 He can't.

How can a clergyman try to advance  
 Ideas that give Science the ghost of a chance,  
 And yet not be called "a religious free lance"?  
 He can't.

How can the G. O. M. placidly smile  
 When he thinks of El Mahdi's success on the Nile,  
 And Johnny Bull's anger beginning to "rile"?  
 He can't.

YOUNG HOPEFUL (to his sister): "I say, Nell, pass me the butter!"

NELL (in a tone of sisterly reproof): "If *what*, Johnnie?"  
 JOHNNIE (goaded to desperation by the delay): "If *you can reach it!*"



THE VISIT TO THE NECROMANCER.

[From the Greystone Tapestries.]

COMMEMORATIVE OF A RECENT MOMENTOUS CONFERENCE.

## A STORY WITH SEVERAL MORALS.

## I.

WILLIAM HENRY was heir apparent to the broadest acres of the county. He did not, however, follow his ancestral plow, but the law, which he considered offered a still broader field to his talents; for he was a young man of deep cunning. That he spoke beautifully at prayer meetings everyone acknowledged, except those who never went; and that he would be a great and good man everyone agreed, especially ladies with daughters.

Margie Maud was heir to nothing at all. She felt this personal peculiarity keenly, and on the principle of admiring our opposites, she had a deep regard for William Henry.

Still it was neither Margie Maud nor William Henry who was to blame, but an ulster with a pocket in the right sleeve. They were walking home from meeting one Friday night. William Henry was not in love with Margie Maud, for he knew that the other girls in the church would n't like it, but the thought of that pocket, lined with soft fur ready to receive a tender occupant, was very softening. It was cold, so her hat was naturally of the smallest, and her hair looked bright and soft in the moonlight, as did also William Henry, no doubt, when he whispered to her that hers was the first hand that had ever entered that pocket.

This was indiscreet, considering the number of William Henry's acres, but nothing serious might have resulted had he not also confided to her his resolve that no other hand

should ever enter there again. This simple piece of gallantry had a startling effect upon Margie Maud. She seemed to realize at once all the poetical deductions from this idea, and proceeded with hysterical promptness to dry her weeping eyes on William Henry's shoulder. Then William Henry rashly substituted his lips for his coat—and as he walked home in the moonlight he did not know whether he was sorry that he had bought that coat or not.

## II.

IT was some of Margie Maud's dearest friends who first discovered that William Henry was tired of his engagement. He refused to believe it at first, but when they had proved that she had red hair and freckles, and that she was heartless and mercenary and had boasted of her "Golden Calf," he became sadly convinced that they were right, and that he must escape. But William Henry was a man of honor. He would not have broken an engagement to Lucretia Borgia. Margie Maud must do it herself. A plan at length suggested itself to his mind, trained to subtle expedients, and with that promptness characteristic of lawyers when engaged on their own business, he proceeded at once to carry it out. Margie Maud's mother was president of the Temperance Society; her father had been the late Prohibitionist candidate for Senator. He would get intoxicated.

It would have been a sad sight to William Henry's companions, with whom he was accustomed to carouse at church

sociables, to have seen him that afternoon gulping down glass after glass of fiery liquor in a vulgar ale house.

Late in the evening he arose and after a long and weary walk, considering the distance, he found himself against the door of the home of his lady-love. Once within, he attempted to put no restraint on his disposition to jollity. He sported with articles of vertu and mirrors, he used profane language, and chased the family from room to room with a huge candleabra. At last they got him in the kitchen and somebody tipped up the floor and he fell down in the corner and went to sleep while he was trying to get up.

III.

WHEN William Henry awoke the next morning, in a strange room, there was a great joy in his heart, although there was also a great pain in his head. He had disgraced himself, but he was free! free as a bird or a Bunco Steerer! Assuming a becoming air of penitence he entered the breakfast room. Margie Maud was very angry. He had never seen her hair in curl papers before and her eyes were red. He observed three large new freckles on her nose, and he felt still happier. But her mother was more charitable. She talked sweetly and earnestly of the influence of a good wife on a young man inclined to be wild. Then her father slapped him heartily on the back and told him he had done it himself before he was married. For a moment William Henry turned pale. He saw that Margie Maud was going to relent. Then with a howl of triumph, like that of a boot-black upon the discovery of a long stump, he overturned the table and rushed from the house. Haggard and wild, he tore down the principal street of the town. He saw the clergyman coming, and pulled off his coat and threw it in his face. He attacked a defenceless lady and snatched her purse. A crowd was chasing him, crying "stop thief;" then a policeman fired a shot at him and he judiciously fell down.

IV.

THE County Court-room was crowded. William Henry was on trial for Highway Robbery. Margie Maud had the sympathy of everyone, and their congratulations on having escaped from a criminal. The defense of Temporary Insanity was interposed and the prisoner acquitted—and William Henry smiled when he entered the Insane Asylum and also when he left it.

H.

LINES.

Y<sup>E</sup> RAILROAD EATING-HOUSE IN Y<sup>E</sup> WILD, WILD WEST.)

LIKE some stout hinge that holds the front-yard gate  
And creaks a husky welcome to the guest,  
The solemn beefsteak, seized and laid at rest,  
Lies at full length and covers half your plate,—  
A votive victim that awaits its fate.  
You bite the dainty as it looks its best,  
And then with aching tooth and fallen crest,  
You curse the ancient steer that died so late.

J. A. MACON.



MARK TWAIN'S BLOOD-CURDLING HUMOR.

MARK TWAIN is a humorist or nothing. He is well aware of this fact himself, for he prefaces the "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" with a brief notice, warning persons in search of a moral, motive or plot that they are liable to be prosecuted, banished or shot. This is a nice little artifice to scare off the critics—a kind of "trespassers on these grounds will be dealt with according to law."

\* \* \*

HOWEVER, as there is no penalty attached, we organized a search expedition for the humorous qualities of this book with the following hilarious results:

A very refined and delicate piece of narration by Huck Finn, describing his venerable and dilapidated "pap" as afflicted with delirium tremens, rolling over and over, "kicking things every which way," and "saying there was devils ahold of him." This chapter is especially suited to amuse the children on long, rainy afternoons.

An elevating and laughable description of how Huck killed a pig, smeared its blood on an axe and mixed in a little of his own hair, and then ran off, setting up a job on the old man and the community, and leading them to believe him murdered. This little joke can be repeated by any smart boy for the amusement of his fond parents.

A graphic and romantic tale of a Southern family feud, which resulted in an elopement and from six to eight choice corpses.

A polite version of the "Giascutus" story, in which a nude man, striped with the colors of the rainbow, is exhibited as "The King's Camelopard; or, The Royal Nonesuch." This is a good chapter for lenten parlor entertainments and church festivals.

A side-splitting account of a funeral, enlivened by a "sick melodeum," a "long-legged undertaker," and a rat episode in the cellar.

\* \* \*

NOTES.—With quaint conceit and fine discrimination, John Esten Cooke has woven tradition, history and his own pretty fancies into the romantic tale of "My Lady Pokahontas," which professes to be "a true relation of Virginia, writ by Anas Todkill, Puritan and Pilgrim, 1618." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

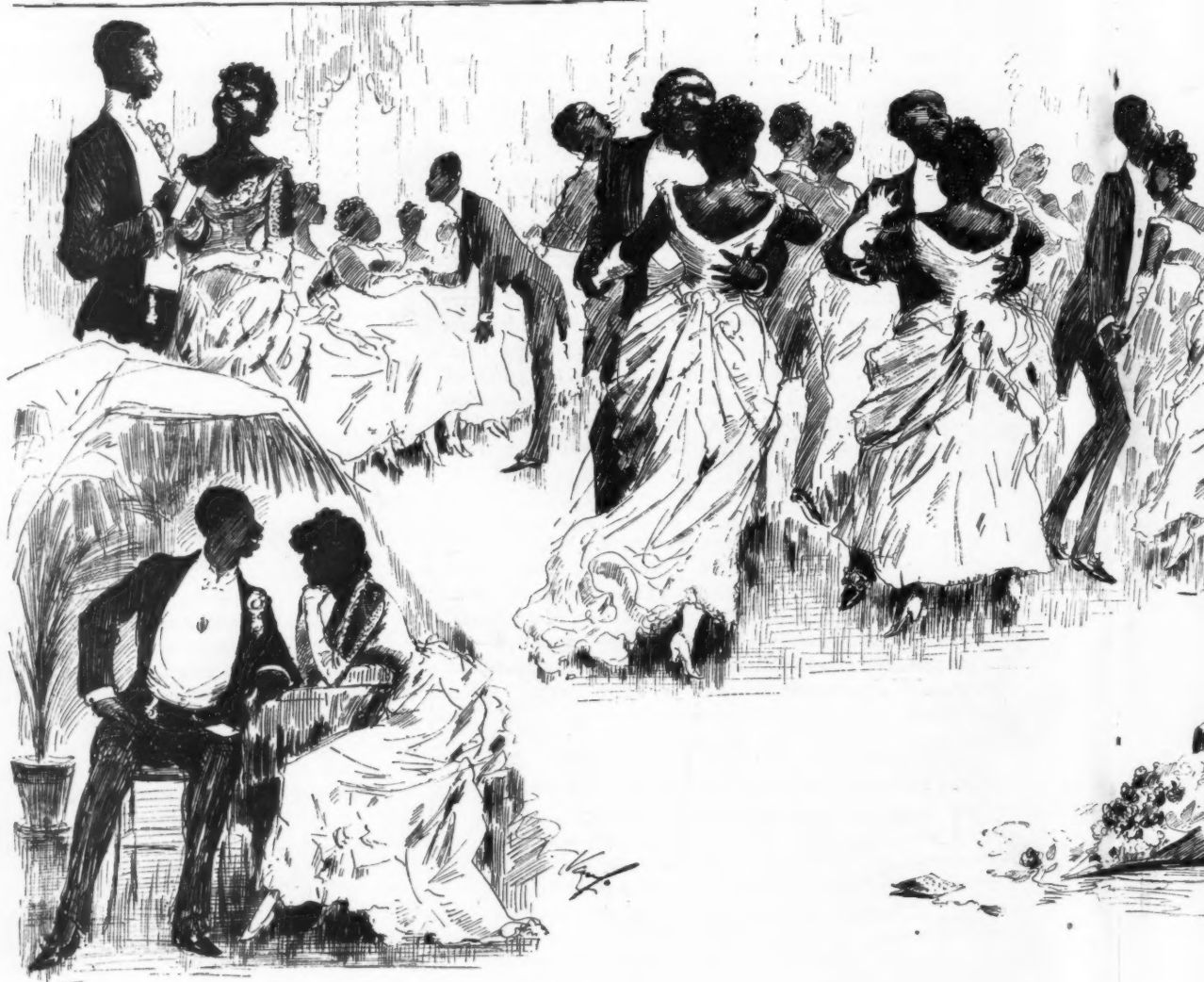
BOOKS RECEIVED.

MY *Lady Pokahontas*, writ by Anas Todkill, with Notes by John Esten Cooke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

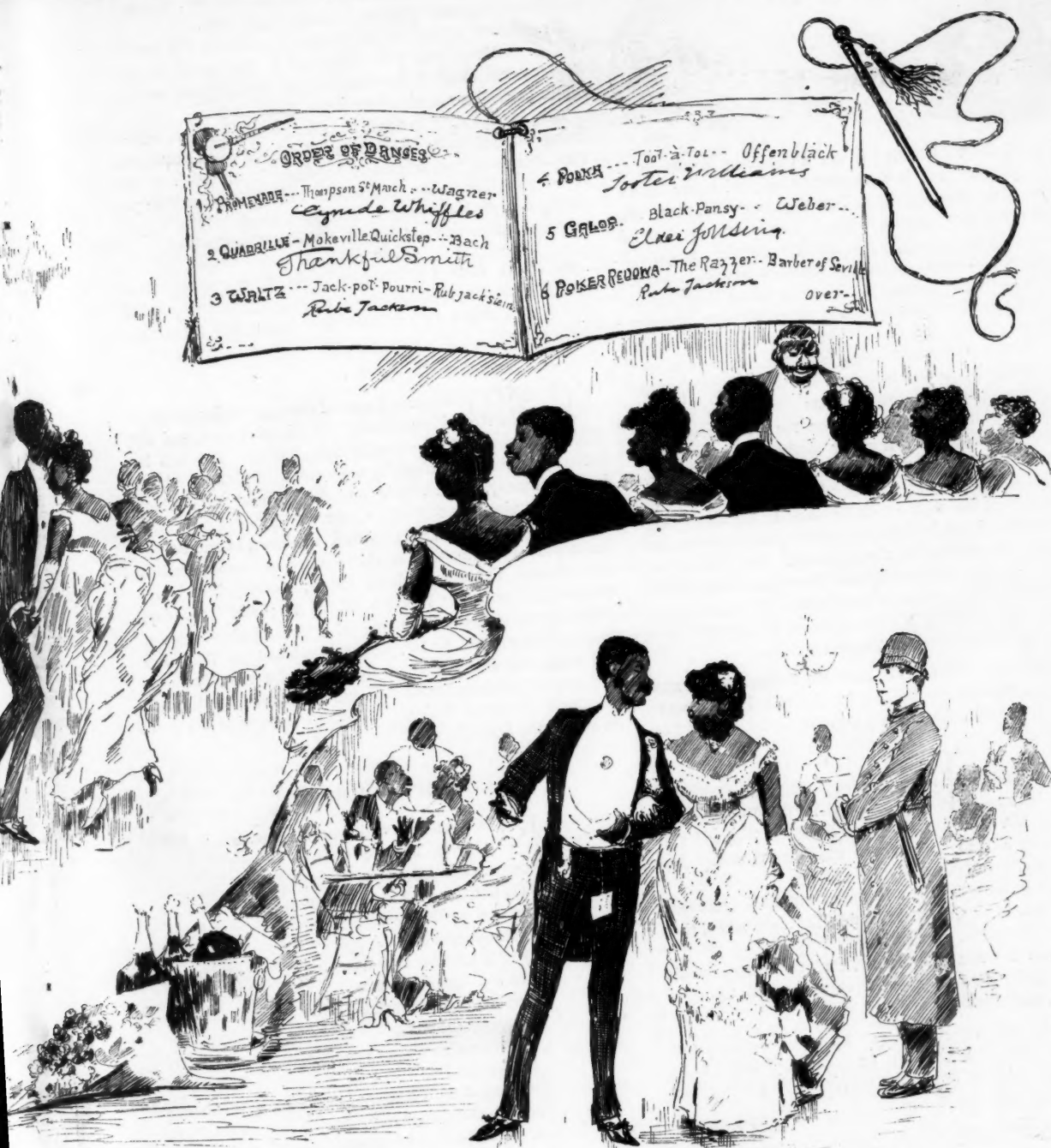
*The Bride's Fate*. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

*A Nutshell History of Ireland*. By A. M. Sullivan. Boston: Donahoe's Magazine.

*The Author of Beltraffio*. By Henry James. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.



A SOCIETY SKE  
SOME SYMPHONIES IN BLACK



CIETY SKETCH.  
IES IN BLACK AND WHITE.



"OUR GOVERNOR" is not a peculiarly artistic production, nor is it startlingly original either in its conception or development. The dramatic situations are hackneyed and familiar to a degree. The mental anguish of "the foolish little wife," the love making and the transparent scheming of the others all have a tendency to throw the beholder into a deep melancholy. The two young Englishmen, Captain Victor Newman and the Hon. Beverly Outram, could never be accused of anything bordering upon anglo-mania. As far as one can judge from their clothes, accent, voice and manner, neither of them has ever seen an Englishman. But in spite of all this one gets his money's worth of fun. Mr. and Mrs. Florence are upon the scene most of the time, and when they are it never drags. The ingenious, lying, jolly, kind-hearted "Governor" is an unfailing source of delight. He is always master of the situation, and the ease and promptness with which his latest lie invariably overtops all others, either foreign or domestic, is a constant surprise to his friends and to the audience. Mrs. Florence is as natural and unaffected as ever, and is very amusing as Miss Matilda Starr. Her cockney accent is scarcely an exaggeration. She has evidently made a study of it, and the result is an exquisite satire upon the English article.

SEATS AT THIS THEATRE MAY BE PURCHASED FROM OBNOXIOUS SPECULATORS AT \$2 EACH. POOR SEATS CAN BE OBTAINED AT THE BOX OFFICE AT THE REGULAR PRICE—\$1.50.

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, and that Mr. Booth should be succeeded at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by Mr. M. B. Curtis, a "comedian" whose versatility enables him to present one character, a cheap German drummer, is full proof of this fact.

If Mr. Curtis takes the town by storm with such emptiness as is to be seen in whatever he has thus far undertaken, then the town is certainly in a bad way.

No one but a German drummer, we may remark, would have the requisite amount of cheek to ask people to pay to see such timesome trash.

SEATS AT THIS THEATRE MAY BE PURCHASED FROM OBNOXIOUS SPECULATORS AT \$2 EACH. POOR SEATS CAN BE OBTAINED AT THE BOX OFFICE AT THE REGULAR PRICE—\$1.50.

MR. B. C. STEPHENSON'S Comedy of "Impulse" was presented at Wallack's Theatre, on Monday evening last, before a representative first night's audience. Having

the prestige of a London success it will undoubtedly prove satisfactory to the Wallackian audiences, and Mr. Wallack has shown his usual wisdom in producing it here.

Mr. Wallack himself made his first appearance this season as Col. Crichton, and was supported by the usual Tearle-Coghlan combination, the Misses Robe and Germon, and the bright particular star of the company, John Gilbert.

The play is strong in some parts and weak in others, with a strange intermingling of good, bad, and indifferent situations. The acting was "all that could be desired," although as far as we have been able to discover Mr. Tearle has not yet managed to pitch his voice to another tone, and Miss Coghlan cannot allow one to forget that she is Miss Coghlan.

SEATS AT THIS THEATRE MAY BE PURCHASED FROM OBNOXIOUS SPECULATORS AT \$2 EACH. POOR SEATS CAN BE OBTAINED AT THE BOX OFFICE AT THE REGULAR PRICE—\$1.50.

\* \* \*

MR. DALY announces a special matinee performance of "The Recruiting Officer" for this afternoon, and the final performance of the same for this evening. This will be followed for a few evenings by the revival of Colly Cibber's famous comedy, "She Would and She Would Not," which will in turn give way to "The Country Girl."

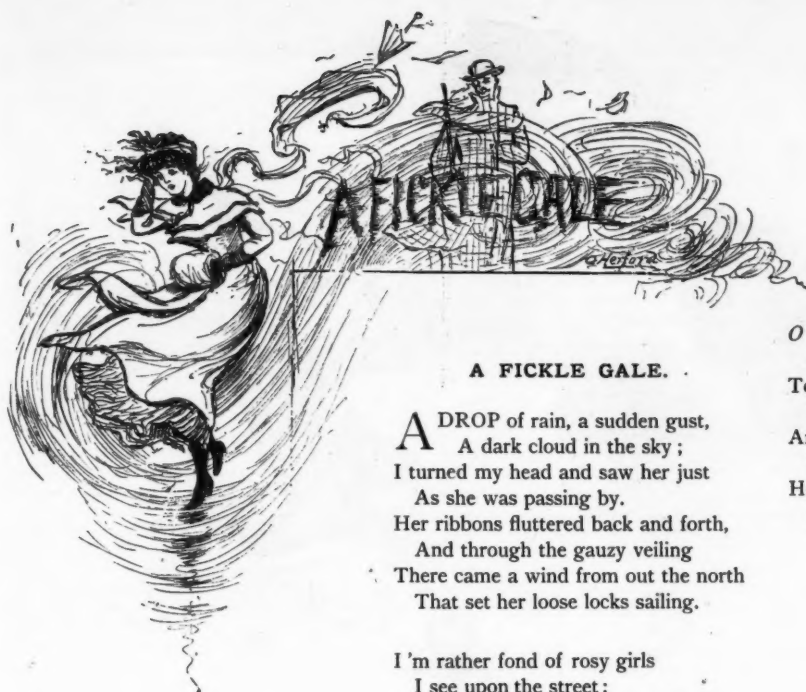
A series of Lenten eleven o'clock matinees, in addition to the regular performances at this theatre, are announced to take place on Thursday, February 26th; Monday, March 2d; Thursday, March 5th; Monday, March 9th; and Thursday, March 12th. They will consist of a Subscription Series of Illustrated Lectures, by Mr. John L. Stoddard, on Versailles and Marie Antoinette, Paris in the Reign of Terror, Through England with Charles Dickens, Round the Bay of Naples, and the Castle Bordered Rhine. Tickets for the course are now on sale at the box-office.

#### GUMMY IS HERE.

RING the bells and sound the tocsin  
Gummy's come to town.  
Now, royal nibsey, pour your rocks in,  
Do the thing up brown.  
Here's a maiden heavy laden—  
Lots of gold galore.  
If you'd wed her take a header  
On the same old score.  
Strew about her your affections—  
Taffy by the ton.  
Stifle her with recollections  
Of fair Albion.  
Never mind the Fortesque scandal—  
Our girls dote upon a handle,  
Just an atom of *chic* shame  
Fastened to their hubby's name.\*

H. S. KELLER.

\*Provided they crave for royal distinction.



A FICKLE GALE.

A DROP of rain, a sudden gust,  
A dark cloud in the sky;  
I turned my head and saw her just  
As she was passing by.  
Her ribbons fluttered back and forth,  
And through the gauzy veiling  
There came a wind from out the north  
That set her loose locks sailing.

I'm rather fond of rosy girls  
I see upon the street;  
I'm fond of little forehead-curles,  
I'm fond of little feet.  
I'm rather partial to the wind—  
A moderate *procella*—  
That whisks the veil securely pinned,  
And tosses the umbrella.

*O tempora! O mores!* too;  
O heart, the slave of fate,  
To think that for a maiden's shoe  
You wildly palpitate!  
And you, my fair Anonymous,  
You've left a joy that rankles;  
How naughty 't was, my dear, to thus  
Expose two pretty ankles!

IDLE IDYLLER.



OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

The following touching tribute to the cultured Boston girl appeared in the columns of our esteemed contemporary, the *N. Y. Times*, last week:

Rich Uncle on his death-bed to nephew—I will make you my heir, John, on one condition, and that is you are never to marry.

Nephew—I accept the condition, uncle.

Rich Uncle—How will you be able to resist the temptation?

Nephew—I will move to Boston.

We are not surprised that the *Times'* popularity is on the decline in Massachusetts.

FROM A FINANCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

*Freddie*: Mamma, I'll be ten years old next Sunday. Can I have a Testament and Psalms like Willie had when he was ten?

*Mamma*: Of course you can, my darling boy, and you can read a chapter every night with Willie.

*Willie*: What's the use of buying him a new one? He can have mine. I've finished it.

THE NATIONAL HIM.--President Arthur.

HOW SHALL WE DESIGNATE INHABITANTS OF STATES?

THIS problem has been a vexing one for a considerable period, and seems to be as far from solution now as when first propounded.

Naturally the citizens of Maine object as strenuously to the term Maniacs as do the citizens of Colorado to the term Coloradudes. To the Wisconsiner these names seem appropriate to the States named, but the penultimation and anti-penultimation of his own name "sinner" he strongly condemns. The Michigander objects to his name because it will not apply to the lady inhabitants who threaten a revolt if called Michigeese, while the citizens of two Southern States declare they will secede if the rest of the Union call them Tennesseesickans and Kentuckites.

The New Jersey man is rather proud to be designated a New Jersitalian, but Delaware-are-ye is considered in the peach State as a reflection on its size. The Vermont people were once proud of the term Green Mountain Boys, but in these days of bunko in our large cities, where they sometimes visit, they regard with indignation anything reflecting upon their sophistication. In its sister State, New Hampshire,



COMBINATION No. 5.

the term Hampshirts has become the accepted term, the former method of designation, White Hillocks, having been condemned by the Legislature.

For the last few years the Vermonter, in response to the question what he called himself, has replied that he was an Edmunds man, but as a permanent name this will hardly pass muster.

In Connecticut people are known as Connecticutaneous, because of their predilection for wooden nutmegs, and their relation to the "skin" generally. Connecticutthroats because of the numerous murders in the past two years, and often by relatives in others States as Connections. All of these terms are good and are likely to live.

It is rather rough to call some westerners Kansassassins and New Mexicoyotes, but even these names are preferable to Alabashibazouks, or the Arkansasinine, which, next to the North and South Carolunatics, have as unpleasant a designation as any in the land.

To our mind the best way will be to let each State adopt its own term for its inhabitants, whereby all ill-feeling will be suppressed, and the millenium of designation given a good start.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

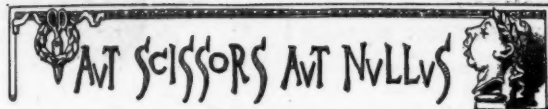
**W. E. GL-DST-NE.**—Yes, we would rather have died before we were born than be in your Premiership's shoes, and we agree with you in thinking that the late Mr. D'Israeli has found time to stop twanging on his golden harp to smile benignantly on your fortunes.

**O'DON-VAN R-SSA.**—If we were you we'd die and make a public benefactor of ourself. *Verb. sap.,* O'Donovan?

**BECKY J-NES.**—You would doubtless make a great fortune as a lecturess, and if you ever get out of Ludlow Street, we would advise you to start out on a tour. Your subject should be "Silence: Practically Illustrated." There are thousands of people who would pay untold wealth to hear a woman hold her tongue.

**WM. M. EV-RTS.**—We are prepared to give you the belt for the longest sentence on record containing the greatest amount of nothing. For emptiness you can beat a broken bottle.

**BAR-TENDERS.**—Lawyers.



INTO the glowing grate he gazed  
In silent meditation,  
Until her eyes the maiden raised  
And said: "What's osculation?"

The lover slowly bent his head,  
And with some trepidation  
He kissed her on the lips and said:  
"Sweet love, that's osculation."

Then, while her heart went pit-a-pat,  
Till she could almost hear it,  
She said: "I thought it must be that,  
Or something pretty near it."—*Toronto Mail.*

I HAVE succeeded to the chieftainship of the Tetons, and I want to ask whether your nation and mine are to live on terms of friendly equality or whether you want strife and carnage?

I would like to remark that we will have war on tap for any marauding republican form of government that comes fooling around our Congressional district, while we will be on a peace footing toward your people as long as they conduct themselves with due regard to the prejudices of civilization. Any deviation from this course of procedure will result in your being sent to the Tower for the first offence and to two towers for the second.

Please speak to your Secretary of the Interior and have him brace up the rations issued to my tribes so as to include an

occasional ham and a mackerel for Sunday. Any cast-off war material, plug hats, or light literature now on file in your State Department will be gracefully received as a guarantee of your good faith.—*Stanley Huntley (Spoopendyke) to President Arthur.*

OUT West it is proper to speak of a party as "a great occasion," but the ladies look offended if you say anything about "a big feat."—*Transcript.*

PEOPLE who go to hear opera do n't expect anything grand in the way of scenery, but they do expect a peaceful mountain and valley scene to stand still, and that is what the background for the first act did n't do last night. It wobbled from the start, as if it was very tired of the female portion of the chorus.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

NOT VERY SENSITIVE.—Some Northern people imagine that the Southern African is as full of personal pride as one of Fenimore Cooper's Indians. Uncle Mose, of Austin, is not one of that kind. "I'se gwinter quit. I has to look up anodder place," he said to his employer, John Ingle, a wealthy merchant. "What's the matter with you, Uncle Mose?" "De bizness manager, Mr. White, has not kicked me in de las' two mums. Not once has he lifted his foo' ag'in' me." "I ordered him not to kick you again. I do n't allow anything of that kind in this establishment. I intend that nobody shall hurt your feelings, Uncle Mose." "Ef I do n't get no kicks I'se gwinter quit." "Are you crazy? Do you want to be kicked and cuffed about?" "Yes, sah, I does. Ebervy time de bizness manager kicked me or cuffed my ears when he was mad, he got ashamed of hisself afterward and gub me a quarter. I'se done lost enough money already wid dis heah foolishness about hurtin' my feelings."—*Texas Siftings.*

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"I do n't want it carried, I tell you," said the man, hurrying along.

"Don't you?"

"No, I do n't."

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